And as one wanders in the royal pleasure-grounds of the old Kings of Oudh in the Kaisar Bagh Gardens of Lucknow, where the water runs in rills beneath the orange trees, how the bright colouring of the golden fruit against the dark glossy leaves and sweet scent of the bridal flowers blooming together., and the yet more powerful fragrance of the syringa, the sweetest flower on earth, sur-rounding the deserted palaces proclaim the beauty of a spring in Oudh. So the rhodo-dendrons of Simla speak of all that is most glorious and most dominant in human passion, of the love which makes the world go round.

The flowers which in succession carpet the Simla khuds always remind me of the four stages of human destiny. The violets in the spring of the opening of life, sweet, fragrant, enthusiastic. The rhododendrons in the hot weather of its noontide passion, the white veil of the lilies of the valley later on of its bridal hours, the pale half-mourning tints of the iris in the autumn of its decline. The

spring of which I write was one of an up-
heaval of nature of earthquake, and terror, and
sudden death. In Simla we woke one morn-
ing to find the house rocking and quivering